OUR ST. BERNARD.

An Elegy.

No more she watches on our terraced hill,
And bounds to meet us when we homeward come;
The soft brown eyes are closed; the voice is still;
The lips that kissed my hand are cold and dumb—
Bernie is dead!

How like a knell those words fall on my heart;
Cold as the grave we made her in our lawn;
How can I spend my busy life, apart
From her who guarded us from dark to dawn?

I wrote my books with Bernie at my side;
Her great brown head lay often on my knee;
She was the pet of children far and wide;
Her silent speech was restful company.

Six years we walked together in the wood,
Or loitered in the valley by the brook;
My every word and tone she understood;
Grateful for praise, and every tender look.

Such wish to do the right I never knew;
Unselfish, faithful to the very end;
Dear, precious Bernie, truest of the true:
Our constant, trusting and devoted friend.

Her gentle nature knew no thought of fear;
We marveled at her patience to the last;
We wept in secret though we spoke with cheer,
And prayed and hoped, until death's hour had passed.

The snow lies deep upon our Bernie's grave,
Shut out forever from our human sight;
Would she could know the joy her short life gave,
Or how her absence turns the day to night!
Bernie is dead!

—Sarah K. Bolton, in N. Y. Independent.

Uncle Robert's Deafness.

By George T. Ade

When Uncle Robert came into the room with his hand scooped behind his ear to intercept the diffused sound waves and said: "What's that?" it had the effect of instantly silencing the most animated group, and conversation forthwith languished.

Uncle Robert.

Neither Laura nor Tom nor Laura's and Tom's father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Baring, had reached the point where they had allowed their unabridged views on the subject of Uncle Robert's deafness to become known to him; some people—young people especially — might have shunned him, but they were not so inconsiderate. They knew that he couldn't help his deafness, and that he was of a sensitive nature, besides being a man possessed of a large amount of property, real and personal; therefore, as they were a kindly family, they bore gently and tenderly with his infirmity. Nevertheless, it was not only hard on the voice, but it taxed the inventive faculties to considerable extent. Matters of a personal and private nature were sometimes discussed in the family circle, and it was too much to expect that they should be shouted so as to be perfectly audible to the people in the next flat. In such a case the person required to shout was compelled to substitute remarks on the Philippine situation or the prices of plumbing material or some other topic of a universal sort.

Again, it was awkward before strangers. Mr. Wills is not exactly a stranger, as he calls regularly three times in the week, and drops in casually on the other four. He is a friend of Tom's, and takes a great deal of pleasure in the society of Mr. and Mrs. Baring. About a week ago he happened to be talking to Laura, and Uncle Robert, who was sitting quite near them, suddenly laid down his newspaper, and, hitching his chair around, looked at Mr. Wills with an inquiring smile.

Mr. Baring.

"Hay!" he said; "what was that?"

Mr. Wills blushed a rosy red, and looked very much disconcerted.

"I—I—er—I was saying—" he began.

"You'll have to speak a little louder," said Uncle Robert. "I'm rather hard of hearing. What was it you said?"

Mr. Wills hesitated and smiled in an idiotic fashion at Laura, while his blush grew deeper and extended to the tops of his rather large ears and the rim of his shiny collar. At this juncture Laura spoke with great coolness and self-possession.

"Mr. Wills was saying that he notices a great improvement in the street since they took up the old cedar blocks and put down asphalt. He thinks it would be a great improvement if they were to grade Corliss street and put down asphalt there, but he supposes the property-holders on the east side of the street would object."

Then he added, in an undertone a little above the ordinary conversation pitch: "Why in thunder couldn't he say so himself?" and resumed his newspaper.

Mrs. Baring.

As Tom said, that "H—m—m—m!" was the most exasperating thing about the whole business. "After you have hollered at him for ten minutes with your eyes bugging out of your head and your throat raw," said Tom, "to have him grunt out: 'H—m—m—m!' as if he didn't think there was a particle of sense in what you said, is what makes me sore. I'm going to get a megaphone and rig it up with a ball-bearing swivel in the sitting-room. Don't you think that would be a pious idea, dad?"

"I think it would be a pious idea to do something," said Mr. Baring. "If he'd own up he was deaf it would be dead easy. I'm going to keep after him and see if I can't get him to take treatment. I think he can be cured, and if he could I'd be willing to pay for it myself, by George!"

"You want to be careful, papa," said Mrs. Baring, warningly.

Mr. Baring said he would be careful.

"Uncle Robert," he vociferated, when his relative came in, "you ought to see an aurist or somebody."

"What do I want to see a florist about?" asked Uncle Robert. "Is anybody going to get married?"

"An aurist!" shouted Mr. Baring.

"Laura! Well, well! I thought there was something of that kind going on. So little Laura's going to be married! Well, well! It doesn't seem any time at all since she was in short dresses, with two little braids tied up in blue ribbon hanging down her back. Why, how old is she, Jim? She can't be more than 25 now. It's that young fellow, Wills, I suppose? Well, if that don't get me! Come here, Laura, and kiss your old uncle."

Laura.

Laura left the room, overturning two chairs as she went, and her mother hurried after her. Mr. Baring drew up his chair closer to Uncle Robert.

"I—didn't—say—she—was—going—to—get—married!" he shouted. "I—said—you—ought—to—see—an aurist. About—your—hearing—you—know!"

"Oh, pshaw!" said Uncle Robert. "I don't need to see anybody. I can hear well enough when you don't mumble what you say as if your mouth was full of mush. I ain't deaf—not by a jugful!"

Tom.

"I know it!" roared Baring, shamelessly. "But don't you sometimes have a little difficulty with your right ear? I think I've heard you say that you're hard of hearing. I know that sometimes a person will let a little trouble like that run on until it gets to be something serious, when a little attention in time might have prevented it."

"Prevented what?"

"Well," shouted Mr. Baring, after a moment's hesitation, "it might prevent deafness!"

"See here, Jim," said Uncle Robert, "I'm 69 years old the 14th of next month."—Chicago Daily Record.

AFTER WATERLOO.

Prussian Soldiers Were Seen Scraping and Sifting the Ground for Diamonds.

On ascending to the top of the eminence we came upon the French guns scattered in various directions, evidently in the way of being dragged to the Chaussee from different positions. This attempt had failed, owing to the muddy state of the plowed land and the rapidity of our advance, which obliges the drivers of the gun carriages to flee for their lives by cutting the horses' traces. I perceive that some of the guns had engraved on them Egalite, Fraternite, and others the letter "N;" many of the guns had the number of the English regiments which had captured them chalked on them—a mode usually adopted in the peninsula. The carriages were sunk in the ground almost to the axle trees. As we proceeded we fell in with the Prussian columns coming up from our left, marching to join their army. They began to plunder the biscuit convoy most unceremoniously, and I had great difficulty in preventing it. Perceiving some troops to our right, I rode up to them and found they were a part of our division—the Twenty-second regiment—commanded by Sir John Colborne (now Lord Seaton), moving across the country toward Nivelles. I applied to him for a guard to protect the convoy, but he refused it with some unmeaning excuse, and I was therefore left to my own resources to get out of the difficulty as well as I could.

The Prussians kept moving by us occasionally, and I would most certainly have been plundered by them of the best portion of the biscuit had it not been for the opportune arrival of a detachment of our German cavalry (the King's German legion). The commanding officer, seeing my dilemma, immediately offered some of his men to draw their swords and accompany the convoy, and thus we moved on to Quatre Bras through Genappe. I there beheld, in addition to many other debris of the French army, Napoleon's carriage on the spot where it had been overtaken and plundered. Around it were Prussian soldiers scraping and sifting the ground, in consequence of a report that some diamonds had fallen from their settings in the night scramble.—Cornhill Magazine.

Novel to Some.

Miss Antique—No, I'm not going to Mrs. Whitehair's reception.

Miss Budd—Why not?

"Oh, she always talks about old times, and that makes me tired. I don't see how you can stand her."

"But, my dear, her subject is new to most of us, you know.

The Cello Player.

By Edgar Temple Field.

TO DEVEREUX belongs the honor of his discovery, a fact that rather rankled in my mind at the time, for Devereux, having a snug berth in a railroad office, is not engaged in that feverish search for copy which distinguishes my own troubled journalistic existence, nor does he claim, like myself, to be a keen and critical observer of types. What's more, Devereux is not the musician that I am.

To be sure, he has a pretty tenor of his own and that mysterious something we call "ear," which enables a man to join in on a quartette without danger of being pitched from the window. But still, he can't play everything, from Rubinstein to rag-time, with his eyes shut, nor has he composed a comic opera that only the short-sighted stupidity of theatrical managers has kept from sweeping the country like a second "Pinafore."

But enough of ourselves. It was the cello player I was going to tell about.

We had gone up to the Regia music hall that evening in the rather vain hope of a little amusement when we, or rather Devereux, discovered him.

The big red and white auditorium was jammed with a noisy crowd when we got there, and you could have shoveled the cigar smoke out with a spade. We took seats in the front row on account of the crowd, rather than that we were habitues of that locality, for neither of us could boast a bald spot. My own hair may be thinning a trifle on the temples, but still, when properly arranged, it makes a very respectable appearance, while Devereux's blond locks, accurately parted in the middle, are thick enough to stuff a soft cushion for some pretty girl to rest her head upon if he chose to dedicate them to such a quixotic purpose.

A lean girl with a Greek nose and voice located somewhere in the bridge thereof, was doing a male impersonation, interspersed with fascinating smiles at the chappies in the audience, and had just got to the hiccoughs in the inevitable intoxication scene.

I was wondering, as I lighted my cigarette, why girls always get the hiccoughs when they put on trousers, when Devereux jogged my elbow and my match went out. I swore at him mildly as I scratched another—somehow one can never be very fierce with Devereux, he's such a gentlemanly chap—but he paid no attention to what I said, and only motioned me excitedly to look at the orchestra.

I looked, of course, and there, right in front of us, was an old fellow playing the cello. He had a long, pale face,

AND HOW HE PLAYED.

framed in a shock of bushy hair, and deep-set eyes that glowed like a cat's when it's in the dark, and there was such an antique, old-world air about him that if he'd had on a fur-trimmed pelisse he might have passed for one of Rembrandt's old burgomeisters.

And how he played!

The tone he drew from the big fiddle made my skin creep up my spine till it felt like a thousand-legged worm.

The Greek-nosed girl was singing an ordinary little ditty most all on one note, and the only 'cellist wove into the accompaniment the most wonderful little airs—not loud, but sweet and sad as life itself and full of a heart-breaking sort of longing. It was simply marvelous.

I gave Devereux an expressive glance to show that I was "on," and after that we didn't either of us pay any attention to the stage. We were too busy with the cello player.

He was an artist; that was flat, and how came he in such a place I wondered as I listened to the weird cadences his bow was dreaming over. Strange, faraway little fragments of melody they were, seeming somehow to come from a long distance, though we might almost have touched him as he sat in his place at the end of the row.

Here was a "find" indeed. I could hardly be still for joyous excitement. At last the performance came to a hilarious though hardly mirthful close, and we joined the crowd that was pressing down the aisles to the doors.

"Jove, what a type that is," I exclaimed over Devereux's shoulder.

"Queer old fish, wasn't he?" said Devereux. "Let's go and get a club sandwich. I'm so hungry I can hardly tell whether the pangs that assail me at present emanate from my spine or my stomach."

"Not on your life," I cried. "I'm going to land that queer old fish, as you call him, before I sleep to-night. He's got at least two columns of copy in him, though you could hardly be expected to see it, my boy."

"It strikes me," remarked Devereux, coolly, "that if it hadn't been for me you never would have seen it yourself."

I privately considered this rather mean of Devereux, but as there was some truth in it, I wisely made no reply, assuming instead a calmly superior air which would indicate that while he might have been the Columbus who discovered this interesting human continent, I alone was capable of determining its artistic latitude and longitude. But Devereux didn't mind my manner in the least.

"Where in the devil are you going?" he asked a moment later, as I plunged suddenly into a dark alley.

"To the stage entrance," wherever it may be," I replied, shortly.

I knew mighty well where it was, for I'd served my turn in the train of the lovely Caroline Caine's adorers, as many a better fellow had done before me, and since, too, for that matter.

"Well, I hope to heaven he won't be all night in coming," groaned Devereaux, as he turned up his coat collar to keep out the keen east wind.

But it seemed as if he meant to be all night, for though we waited till the last tousled and sleepy chorus girl flitted by us under the glittering gas jet, the old musician did not appear.

At last Devereux rebelled.

"Well," he announced, with much firmness, "you may be willing to stand here till you freeze into a monument to the attractiveness of Mr. Hatchestein's corps du ballet, but I'm blamed if I do. Here goes for that sandwich."

I followed him in disappointed sulkiness to the Hungarian cafe we frequent, and there under the mellowing influence of a bottle of Budai I recovered somewhat from my chagrin at the escape of my "find."

Where on earth had he gone? I wondered. And what a picture he made, with those burning, deep-set eyes under the shock of hair. A rare type—Flemish, probably.

"Pure Hungarian, if anything ever was," remarked Devereux, in my ear.

"Rats!" I rejoined. "You ought to know better. That coloring—"

"Who cares how it looks?" cried Devereux. "It's when it goes down your throat it shows its quality."

"What—" I began, turning on him in astonishment. He was gazing affectionately at the wine in his glass. It was of that he had been talking. I turned away with a scornful shrug of my shoulders.

"The railroad business is hardly conducive to imagination," I observed, with sarcasm, and then I gave a cry of joy. There was Unland at the next table, and Unland was musical director at the Regia and a friend of mine.

In response to my eager summons he came and joined us readily enough, and as soon as it was decent I commenced to pump him.

"That was a great cello player you had to-night," I remarked, blandly.

"Oh, yes," said Unland, with a little smile, half apologetic, half annoyed.

"He's a genius. Where did you pick him up?" I asked, trying to be careless, but succeeding badly, as I was told by the twinkle in Devereux' eye.

"Really, it's too bad to make fun of us," said the director, showing his teeth in another little smile, but looking really annoyed this time.

"But I'm in earnest," I persisted, getting angry in my turn. "That old fellow who played the cello for you to-night is as fine a player as I ever heard, and his improvisations were really masterly."

Unland glanced quickly at the bottle from which I'd just refilled my glass, and then inquiringly at Devereux, before he replied, with rather distant politeness:

"I'm afraid you're not quite yourself, my dear sir. We haven't had a cello player in our orchestra for a year."

"What are you giving us, anyhow?" I cried, rudely, and Devereux hastily interposed:

"Why, you're dreaming, sir. We were watching him all the evening; a white-faced old chap, with a queer, long head, and a lot of Paderewski hair."

"And he played things that were not in the score, weird little melodies that got under your skin and set your nerves on edge," I added, eagerly.

Unland took a hasty swallow from his glass and wiped his face with a strangely shaking hand. Then he fixed his eyes on us with a queer look and said, slowly:

"Gentlemen, you've been describing an old musician who played for us for a long time, but does so no longer."

"But he was there to-night," burst out Devereux.

"Of course he was," I said. "We saw him."

"One year ago to-night," went on our guest, not noticing our interruption, "he hanged himself with one of the strings of his cello. I saw him buried. We were speaking of him just before the performance this evening."

"Tommy," said Devereux, solemnly, as we were walking homeward an hour or two later, "how do you feel?"

"As if there weren't enough cocktails in New York to steady my nerves," I replied, with conviction.

"It's too bad you lost that copy," he proceeded, hypocritically, "but surely even the most exacting newspaper could hardly expect a man to go to hell in search of copy."

My reply, which will scarcely bear publication, seemed to startle Devereux.

"You really ought to go away, old man. You've been working too hard," he observed, solicitously. "When a fellow gets to seeing ghosts, you know—"

"You forget," I replied, with much dignity, "that if it hadn't been for you I never should have seen him at all."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Julius Describes a Gown.

"Dorothy, I saw a beautiful gown in a shop window to-day."

"What was it, Julius?"

"Well—it was that zigzaggy kind of cloth—and it had those braided things across the front and down the back; and some awful stylish pointed things on the skirt—I wish you would get one just like it."—Tit-Bits.

AGE OF MAN IN AMERICA.

A Subject That Has Been Soberly Discussed and Intemperately Ridiculed.

The claim of satisfactory evidence of the extreme antiquity of man in the valley of the Delaware river has been soberly discussed and intemperately ridiculed until the public, both scientific and general, have become tired of hearing the subject mentioned; but this is no valid reason why the truth should not be ascertained, says the Popular Science Monthly. If a man in a paleolithic stage of culture did exist on the Atlantic seaboard of North America, then we have a basis upon which to build—a tangible starting point from which to date a history of human activities on this continent. As it is, we have but an immense array of facts, largely underrated, and the greater portion sadly distorted and misleading because of the reckless theories set forth with them by their discoverers, and undoubtedly there never has been, in the whole range of scientific agitation of a simple question, so great a volume of reckless assertion, illogical deduction and disregard of exact statement. The main question was often wholly lost sight of and the author's sole purpose that of demonstrating some one else in error. Predetermination on the part of many has been fatal to the value of their field work. Convinced on theoretical grounds, such are necessarily blinded when on the spot where positive evidence occurs. He who does not desire the object searched for seldom finds it; and later in the day pride declines to accede to the just demands of candor—the admission of having reached a wrong conclusion.

DECEIT IN A PUNCH BOWL.

The Clever Resourcefulness of a Bachelor Girl Who Gave a House "Cooling."

The bachelor girl had a house cooling the other night. The house warming is so effete that she disdains it, and instead gives frequent and merry house coolings. The house cooling takes place whenever she moves, says the Chicago Times-Herald, and as she moves whenever she gets tired of the wall decorations her parties are one of the standbys of the season.

The last one before her summer flight took place the other evening. It did not differ from the ordinary except that a huge punch bowl, surrounded by a Bacchanalian wreath of grapevines, completed the artistic beauty of the dining table. Whether the claret cup was better than usual or whether it only seemed so, who can tell? At any rate, the house cooling was a success, so much so that the next flat neighbor stayed after the last guest had fluttered away, and when the next flat neighbor stopped to discuss matters it was a sure sign that the evening was a red letter one.

"Tell me," said the hostess, after the portiere had gathered its Bagdad folds together, "was it all right? Could you detect it?"

The next flat neighbor demanded further explanations.

"Why, the punchbowl," whispered the bachelor girl. "If the lynx eyes of my dearest friend did not discover it I could trust my enemy. The punchbowl, with its Bacchanalian wreath of grapevines, is only an old washbowl which I borrowed for the occasion.

A HANDCUFF ADVENTURE.

The Awkward Predicament of a Jocular Mail Clerk Who Got Caught in One.

A little fun at the Birmingham post office led to a remarkable sequel, says the South Wales News. Among the postal tickets was a parcel containing a pair of handcuffs, which were being sent from Derby to a manufacturer in Birmingham to be fitted with a key. The paper covering of the package had, during transit, been badly torn, with the result that when the handcuffs reached the Birmingham sorting officer they were exposed to view.

They were an object of curiosity, and presently one of the clerks jocularly clasped one of the cuffs round the wrist of his left hand. To his dismay there was no key to unfasten it, and he therefore went to the central police station. Here a key was found, but as the officer was turning it it broke off in the cuff. The situation, at first comical, had now become really serious. The broken key would have to be drilled out or the handcuff filed through before the clerk could be released from his unpleasant incumbrance. But it was Sunday and no place of business was open. The clerk therefore returned to the post office and explained his plight to his superintendent, by whom he was ordered to go to Derby by the first train the next morning, explain the whole circumstances to the owner of the handcuffs and apologize; and then return to Birmingham and proceed to the manufacturer and have the handcuff taken off.

A Difference Only in Name.

We call it ice cream. To the English it is known as cream ice. Just when or where it was invented is the question many people have tried to solve. In the beginning of the century it was almost unknown in England, though well known in Naples and Sicily, where the cream was artfully made into copies of peaches, apples, apricots and such dainties, much as we have them to-day made in molds.

The Eye of Genius.

All men of genius are said to have eyes clear, slow moving and bright. This is the eye which indicates mental ability of some kind, it doesn't matter what.

Locomotives in Use.

One hundred and nine thousand locomotives are at present running in various countries.